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its faults and virtues, will hardly die utterly from our minds. One cannot but speculate how much the author owed to George Meredith's "Richard Feverel," for certainly the mistaken shelter and isolation of the hero's upbringing resulted in much the same way.

Miss Willcocks's "Wingless Victory" already gave her a place among the more serious and fully equipped novelists. "The Way Up,"* despite its unattractive title, helps to establish her standing. Her theme is that of capitalism *versus* organized labor, and her hero, Michael Strode, is one of those new adventurers into the field of social betterment. "Michael possessed the social sense, and every now and again, quick-winged like the lightning, there would come to him the perception of the unity of life." If he is well presented, by far the finest drawing in the book is that of the Rabelais in petticoats, his mother, a splendid type ably done. There is ample philosophy and perhaps overmuch epigram in the book. The epigrams are, however, good.

"If Bluebeard had given his wives a first-class funeral, instead of chopping their bodies up small, he might have died a highly respectable town councillor."

"If you don't give a man pleasure of one sort he'll only seek another. Believe me, it's only bestial pleasures against refined ones or, rather, stupid ones against brainy."

"She always reminds me of one of Balzac's good women—no good at all for want of a little vice, like an English cook's *bouillabaisse*, fish soup without the garlic."

The last remark is the mother's comment on the good woman, the helpmeet of the story. The author has only hinted at her doctrine that the woman who sacrifices her race instinct to personal development and self-fulfilment misses the best of life. To be sure, she lets Elise go down the stream, but she leaves us insecure as to Philippa's ultimate happiness. It may be the last sacrifice of the good woman who is true to her race instinct that she cannot even be interesting in a novel.

We have had three great New England story-writers. Mary Wilkins Freeman has untutored genius, but never acquired

* "The Way Up." By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

craftsmanship; Sarah Orne Jewett had exquisite craftsmanship and lacked the force of genius; Alice Brown has genius and the craftsman's skill combined. She creates atmosphere; a rich, fragrant, flowering atmosphere of homely virtues, faith and loyalty. Very tenderly she touches belated or miscarried love-affairs, and especially has she a happy way of describing "the loves that doubted, the loves that dissembled." If this volume of "Country Neighbors,"* following closely on "Country Roads," gives us perhaps a superfluity of the same thing, it is not, after all, Miss Brown's fault that New England types are monotonous.

For lovers of romance and mystery here it is in plenty.† A villain and a hero, and a lovely Irish girl and a rich American, and an old Cræsus and a guest, all the *mise-en-scène* of drama, and redeemed by snatches of quite exquisite vision and transcription. "The dusk was thickening almost perceptibly and it was yet far from dark. The swift river ran leaden beneath them, and the river boats, mouches and hirondelles darted silently under the arches of the bridge, making their last trips for the day. Away to the west, where their faces were turned, the sky was still faintly washed with color, lemon and dusky orange and pale thin green. A single long strip of cirrus cloud was touched with pink, a lifeless old-rose, such as is popular among decorators for the silk hangings of a woman's boudoir. And black against this pallid wash of colors the tower Eiffel stood high and slender and rather ghostly." Such touches of clear vision would catch the erring attention of the weariest reader of romance, and to those who prefer fiction to fact, a man-imagined world to God's realities, the book offers refreshment and help. For ourselves, we should wish Mr. Forman to drop melodramatic plot and write more about the scenery of Paris.

* "Country Neighbors." By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

† "Jason." By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1909.